

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Congressman Izlar was sworn in last week and is now taking part in the councils of the nation.

Dr. Payne, who killed Henry Green, the colored cook at Darlington, applied to Judge Aldrich for bail. An order was signed admitting him to bail in the sum of \$5,000.

A fire occurred in the cotton warehouse of the Piedmont mills last Sunday. It contained 1064 bales of cotton, about half of which was destroyed. It was fully covered by insurance.

Congressman Wilson reached New Orleans last Saturday. He is slowly improving. He positively refuses to talk on the tariff bill, which indicates that his mind is in a sound condition.

It is said that a body, buried nine years ago in a Nashville cemetery, was taken up a few days ago for shipment to another place. Petrification had taken place and its weight was 600 pounds.

A heavy storm of snow, sleet and rain passed over the States of Michigan and Wisconsin the first of last week. The trees were laden with ice and in some places the snow was 10 to 20 inches deep.

The State Constables are no longer spies. They are ordered by the Governor to wear their badges on the outside of their coats so that they may be recognized at once. Call them "gentlemen" by the grace of Tillman, if you please hereafter and do not hint that they are spies.

At the York court R. A. Parish was indicted for violating the dispensary law by selling "orange cider" that made witness "tolerable drunk." Parish stated that he had written to Governor Tillman, stating what he was selling and asking what he should do. The Governor promised to advise him, but failed. The jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty" as soon as they could write it. A similar case was not prosecuted.

The same old story comes from Columbia. Two white boys, Neal Reamer and Pleasant Reamer, were fooling with two cheap pistols in the kitchen of L. F. Youmans. Henry Thackam, colored, carries milk to Mr. Youmans. When he entered the kitchen the boys began to snap their pistols at him, thinking they were not loaded. Reamer's pistol did go off and inflict a mortal wound in the skull of Thackam.

Charleston is to have a novel race this week. Jack Prince is a celebrated wheelman. He proposes not only to beat one horse, but he will run against two. The distance is twenty miles. One of the horses will make the first ten miles and then the second will take his place. The horses are to have two or three minutes to rest every five miles. Prince will roll over a wooden track while the horses will run on the ground.

The war is over and the army of the Pedee has been paid off and disbanded. Fifty years from today the widows of the boys who sacrificed so much to obey Tillman's orders will be drawing pensions. We believe that when the people, a quarter of a century from this date, look backward to this year's history, they will unanimously declare that every volunteer who answered the Governor's call, is entitled to a pension. It was fearful service to obey such a commander-in-chief.

One would not think the Supreme Court of this State disposed to show a little hamper now and then, but it is a fact nevertheless. Chief Justice McIVER called the extra-session in due form and the gowned judges were in place and expectant lawyers sat around waiting to see the lightning strike. After a few moments of greatest gravity Justice McIVER asked if there were any motions to make. "There being no response, he announced the court adjourned until Saturday. Thus ended the three days wonder.

Since the campaign of 1890 the Conservatives of the State have not been so quiet, well behaved and law-abiding as they are today. Notwithstanding that fact Governor Tillman is organizing a force of twenty-five thousand troops to keep them under. He has called for the Tillmanites all over the State to organize into military companies and arm themselves with shot guns, pistols or anything else that will shoot. Fall in line, wool hats, and obey your master's call. The next time a constable has an application of shoe leather, the whole force of wool hats will be called out. It is a good thing for the business interests of the State.

Governor Tillman is doing much to attract capital from other States and to promote the welfare and prosperity of our people. An army of 25,000 volunteers, ready to move with shot guns, pistols, fence rails, scythes blades and pitch forks whenever he gives them the nod, will draw the attention of capitalists to our State. We will hardly be able to keep them out. The fact is they will pull us all with the wealth they will rush in when they know it is to be protected by 25,000 of Tillman's followers. The fact is the Governor ought to write a treatise on political economy.

There is a strong and increasing desire on the part of many citizens of the county "to get together" politically. What they mean by that, we hardly know. If one side that should come over to his aid and support his measures and candidates, then they will hardly "get together." If there is an earnest desire, however, on the part of our best and most loyal citizens to take a course and avoid rash and unreasonable extremes and support for those only such men as have experience and who are wise, just and fair, then there may be a coming together. What do you have to say about it? Let Reformers, Tillmanites, Haskellites, Third Partites and classes express their opinions.

Political Reminiscences.

PRESIDENTIAL AND SENATORIAL ELECTIONS—SPARTANBURG COUNTY NOMINATED CALHOUN FOR PRESIDENT.

THE MAJOR W. H. BOY.

MR. EDITOR: Dear sir, As I stated in my last communication, I will give you a recollection of the past events of the last seventy-two years, as to elections, nullification and presidential elections. All I write will simply be what I remember of the events. The first newspaper article I ever read was headed this way: "Horse racing presidential contest for 1824." The horses entered were John C. Calhoun, John Q. Adams, Wm. Crawford, Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson. Then followed a description of the horses. Calhoun was hardly a horse-race. Some Pennsylvania farmer had him in charge and fed too much on food. It did not take him to describe Clay; he said he was ridden by a rough Kentuckian. John Quincy Adams was sired by the celebrated John Adams that ran with such celebrity during the Revolution and was beaten in his old age by Jefferson, the pride of Virginia. All the prestige the Crawford horse had was that he was a native of Virginia, that had produced such stock as Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe.

It then stated that the gallant war horse, Jackson, was led to the pole and ridden by the editor of the Nashville Gazette. His friends were but few, but they swore that he was the horse of horses and never had been beaten. He had run against a celebrated horse named Dickinson and beat him. He had run against Weatherford, a celebrated Indian horse and beat him. He had beaten the celebrated British horse, Packenham, at New Orleans. The writer laid great stress on his beating Packenham, the brother-in-law of Wellington. The race then began, Calhoun being withdrawn, and the result as they passed through each State showed Jackson 99, Adams 88, Crawford 41, Clay 37. Jackson had been nominated in 1823 by the Tennessee Legislature. It was said the Legislature made a great blunder by putting him in the United States Senate, or a kind of stepping stone to the presidency. Jackson when he entered the Senate voted for the tariff of 1824 and the Senate voted for the tariff of 1824 and several other unpopular measures, that prevented his being elected by the electoral vote, causing the election to go into the lower house of Congress where Adams and Clay by combining monkeyed him out of the presidency for four years.

Some people of a religious turn of mind thought they could see the hand of Providence in the matter. They thought no man, except Jackson, could have preserved the Union in the trials it went through in the next eight or ten years, including the Kentucky question. Clay and the Kentucky Legislature, in case the election went into the House, to vote for Jackson. Clay and his colleagues refused to obey their instructions and that unpopular vote destroyed all chances for Adams ever reaching the presidency. Clay never could have got a majority of the States, 13 out of 24, without the vote of Kentucky and in that event if no one could get a majority of the States, the constitution provided that if any person had received a majority of the electoral votes for Vice-President, he shall be president. Calhoun had received a large majority of the electoral votes, 118, and should have been President. Louisiana, to her disgrace, voted for Adams. Her delegation stood 3 for Jackson and 2 for Adams. One member of the lower house disobeyed his instructions and voted for Adams. That member went into ignominious retirement.

It certainly, Mr. Editor, must have been a great misfortune to this country, by the hitching of one or two men, to have prevented Mr. Calhoun from giving the country four years of the best government possible. I could have stated how each State voted but I presume most of your readers have encyclopedias and can see for themselves. The first election for United States Senator that I ever heard of was when Gen. Jackson beat Judge Williams for that office in the Tennessee Legislature. Williams' term was to expire in 1829. Jackson's friends civilly invited him to decline in Jackson's favor, as a courtesy to a presidential candidate. Williams declined the polite invitation and entered the race. Jackson beat him eight votes. I presume that meagre majority was the greatest honor Williams ever had.

I do not recollect Hayne beating Judge Smith. I have lately seen it stated that it was in 1823. I think it must have been in 1822. Senatorial elections, I think, mostly come on in the even years. Hayne, I have heard men say, beat him six votes. I well recollect the great contest in 1826 between Judge Smith and Judge Huger to fill out Gaillard's time. Some anonymous writer made a furious assault on Judge Huger in the old Carolina Gazette. I recollect that the writer stated that Judge Huger had been a member of the South Carolina Legislature for 18 years; had originated no useful measures and had been four times a candidate for the United States Senate. He thought it wicked that he had opposed Gaillard in 1824 for re-election. I think Judge Huger must have been on an uphill road to travel in his race. For the Senate in 1826, he had Hayne and Smith both to run against. Hayne addressed a card to Smith stating to him that he had his best wishes in his approaching struggle. The vote stood Smith 82, Huger, 80. I think the anonymous writer that I spoke of must have done Huger injustice and I think the Legislature made a mistake in not electing him in place of Gaillard to the Senate. Gaillard's last vote he ever gave was to confirm Clay's appointment of Secretary of State. After that vote he could not have office in South Carolina.

Some of your readers would be surprised when I state that there was a presidential nomination in Spartanburg as early as 1823, but such was the

case. Those were the days of Congressional nominations for the presidency. James Brannon came to a battalion muster at Poolsville. He was Colonel of the regiment at that time and sprang up a presidential nomination. He called himself the agent of Joseph Gist, who was then the member of Congress from the old Pinckney District and asked for instruction for he would support him in 1824. Calhoun rode up to the battalion, accompanied by James Edwards. They were both superbly mounted. He introduced Major Henry and called on the Battalion to go into some measure to give Mr. Gist the proper instructions. There were loud calls for Major Henry for a speech. Henry was on the alert. He pulled off his hat and made a strong speech. At the close of it some one shouted for Col. Brown to name twenty representative citizens to put Mr. Gist's instructions in proper form. Major Henry, of course, was chairman, assisted by nineteen of the more intelligent citizens. Major Henry and his committee retired in secret session for a short time. All the committee were fully mounted, which added much to their appearance. Colonel Brannon asked the chairman if his committee was ready to report. He was answered in the affirmative. Loud calls were made for the report. Major Henry rode to the front and stated that the committee wished Mr. Gist to support John C. Calhoun for President. No person was named for Vice-President. I presume as that was Major Henry's first entrance into politics, they forgot to make any recommendation for Vice-President. The report was rather coolly received, but no particular opposition was made to it and Colonel Brannon was instructed to forward it to Colonel Gist. Col. Brannon was lucky that his lifetime friend Capt. Billy Anderson happened not to be there that day. He was an uncompromising Jackson man and when he heard of the meeting he unconditionally denounced it. About that time Mr. Calhoun's friends withdrew him from the race for President and successfully put him on the track for Vice-President.

Every other week if not providentially hindered, I will give a sketch of political history of the country, alternating each week with sketches of noted characters.

A Gay Boy and Giddy Girl.

To-morrow poor, betrayed Willie Breckinridge will go on the stand and relate the sad story of his seduction and betrayal by the wicked and designing Madge Pollard who lured him to an assignation house and there by her wiles robbed him of his virtue. It was an evil day for Willie when he met the enchantress who made a snare of his character. He basked in her smiles for a long time, but when she started to withdraw from the fold that lines department of the University, a department with a constituency united and solidified by successful struggle, we are in position not only to project larger things for the people, but we are in position to perform what we project. Let us not forget, however, that, although we have rectified many of the wrongs of the past and accomplished the reforms demanded in 1890, there are still important issues to be settled.

In carrying out the pledges of the past, questions of the most vital and far-reaching import have been raised—questions that go to the foundation of government by the people. The issue has been squarely raised between organized capital and the organized people, by whose suffrage aggregation of capital became possible. The creature has grown so powerful and arrogant that it has dared to measure arms with its creator—the State. So hot have "reformers" made this fight that corporate monopoly has been driven from its cover and forced to fight in the open field. Its subtle grip upon the people's throat has been loosened, complete emancipation for the people is only a question of time. It is a proper subject for congratulation that in this mighty struggle, world-wide in its scope, South Carolina Reformers stand well out in the front. It only needs now that we be true to our principles, to our country and our people and the victory is sure.

Getting Ready for the Campaign.

A conference of Tillmanites met in Columbia April 4. Each county was represented by one delegate. They passed the following resolutions: 1. That a Convention for the nomination of State officers be held in the city of Columbia on the 14th day of August, 1894.

2. That said convention be composed of delegates to be elected by conventions to be held in each county on the 9th day of August, 1894, each county being entitled to double as many delegates as it is entitled to representatives in both branches of the General Assembly. 3. That the county conventions aforesaid be composed of delegates elected by the various "Reform" clubs in the county, each club to send one delegate for each twenty-five "Reformers" or majority fraction thereof. In those counties where there are no distinct "Reform" clubs the "Reform" member of each club shall be called by the executive "Reform" committeemen to meet at the usual place of meeting and delegates elected as aforesaid shall be called to meet on the fourth day of August, 1894.

At such meeting no member shall participate except such as voted for the "Reform" delegates in the August primary of 1892, and all others who will pledge themselves to abide by and support the "Reform" ticket of the State "Reform" Convention of 1894. 4. That each "Reform" candidate for Governor and Lieutenant Governor shall file with the chairman of the committee, thirty days previous to the meeting of said convention, a written pledge to abide by the action of the convention herein called and support its nominees. Respectfully submitted.

C. M. Edrfd, Chairman, for the Committee.

The report was adopted. On motion of Mr. Pickett the Chair appointed Dr. Stokes, J. A. Slight, J. C. Otis, C. M. Edrfd and J. T. Austin as a committee to prepare an address to the "Reformers of South Carolina. The Chair appointed as a press committee H. A. Deal, J. C. Otis and W. H. Duncan.

The following resolution, offered by C. M. Edrfd, was adopted: Resolved, That the "Reformers" attending the various club meetings called by this committee on the 4th day of August, 1894, be requested to express their choice for Governor of this State, and that the chairman of the delegation of each club to the County Convention be required to make return of said choice to the County Convention held on the 9th day of August, 1894. Mr. J. T. Austin offered the following resolution and it was unanimously adopted by a rising vote: Resolved, That we, the representatives of the Reform party of South Carolina, in convention assembled, do hereby fully approve of the action of his Excellency, Governor B. R. Tillman, for the prompt manner in which he acted during the past week in suppressing violence and disorder and in maintaining the supremacy of the law.

THE REFORMERS' ADDRESS.

The address issued reads as follows: "Four years ago, after years of struggle in the arena of reason, with the forces of wealth and culture and trained leadership combined against us, a combination confident, exultant in the pride and prestige of power long enjoyed, the Reformers of the State joined issue squarely before the people, and at the ballot-box won their fight by an overwhelming majority. But the struggle did not end there. An active intelligent and aggressive minority has kept up the fight with a tenacity that, in a better cause, would command the admiration of all men. Every resource known to legislative and judicial obstructionists has been laid under tribute to retard the performance of the pledges of the Reformers of the State to the people of the State, and to defeat the operation of these pledges even after enacted into law. Notwithstanding this active and skillful opposition, under the most arduous and astute leadership we have performed every pledge made to the people in 1890, in so far as such pledges can be performed under the organic law of the State. We have worked out the reforms we promised for the people, and more than we promised. With a clear record behind us, we now stand face to face with the future, ready and eager to grapple with new questions and new issues that shall make for the prosperity of the material and moral progress of the people of this State."

With Dr. Holmes.

A Little Girl's Visit to the General "Autocrat."

[BY HENRY BRUCK.]

A year or two ago there lived in the city of Boston a round-eyed little girl who had a decided appreciation of good poetry. She had heard the unforgettable story of Elsie Vermer, the servant-girl, and she loved several of Dr. Holmes' poems more dearly than any others in the language, except Mr. Longfellow's. She knew that, since the death of Mr. Longfellow, Dr. Holmes had been the most loved, the most honored, and almost the very oldest man in America; and she had noticed that the names of all grew more kind and when his name was mentioned. But this autumn her school chum Dr. Holmes for a poet, and Leah had occasion to learn several new facts about him. She read all that she could easily lay hands upon in connection with his life, and she found that he had been born in the great year 1809, which saw the birth of Mendelssohn, Chopin, Tennyson, and so many other famous men, and years before her adored Dickens, who had been dead for twenty years, even saw the light. She read of how he had been a medical student in Paris in the days of the forgotten Bourbon kings, before her own grandmother was born; of how he had been the lifelong friend and the last physician of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wrote the "Wonder Book" and the "Tanglewood Tales"; and of how he had outlived most of the descendants and his friend of these generations, until his own son was a white-haired old man and a judge of the Supreme Court. Everything combined to impress her with a sense of exceeding age and cleverness and kindness. She even read, in one journal, that Dr. Holmes, being still in good health and knowing well how to take care of himself, had deliberately set out to search the utmost limit of human life—that he never entered his warm bath in the morning until the water was exactly the right temperature, that he kept the air of his room so that the thermometer always indicated the same degree, and that, unless for some casualty, he saw no reason why he might not live to be 100. Oh, how Leah hoped that he might! She showed such an interest in the subject that her teacher appointed her to write a composition about Dr. Holmes, and she did this so well that she had to read his piece before the whole school. She came to develop an absolute hero-worship for the old poet. She figured him to herself as seated at the center of the world, snow-haired, diminutive, and dignified, to receive the homage of all men, of whom the most well-to-do in the children; and, although she dared not dream of such a position, she tried to think that she had a little Leah was by no means one of the precocious and faultless monsters of juvenile story books. She loved good things well, and quite well enough; and it happened, in the course of the Christmas festivities she over-ate herself and was laid up in bed for several days. I was sorry for the little soul, and while she was ill I wrote to a brilliant young author who had dedicated her first volume to Dr. Holmes, telling the tale of Leah's hero-worship, and asking for credentials which would enable me to take her on an afternoon visit to him. Crisp and clear, by return mail, in the young authoress' own beautiful, prinked manuscript, came a dainty letter of introduction, bespeaking the venerable poet's kindness for the youngest and most ardent of his admirers. When Leah was well again, I stepped down to Dr. Holmes' house, and seeing him but for a moment, secured an opportunity for Leah on the next afternoon but one at half-past 4 o'clock.

On the momentous afternoon, Leah came back from school, by special permission, half an hour earlier than usual. She spent a much longer time than she can usually be induced to do, in combing out her rebellious brown curls, and in neatly arraying herself in her prettiest winter gown. When the shiny boots had been buttoned up, and the new fur gloves fastened over the chubby hands, and the muff suspended in just the right way around her neck, it was already past 4 o'clock. The afternoon was stingingly cold, curiously clear and bright; and Leah was reminded of an expression of old Francis Higginson, which she loves to quote in such weather, and which she had found in Colonel Higginson's beautiful little school history: "One sup of New England's air is worth a whole draught of Old England's ale." At the corner of the street we met Leah's pleasant, kind-faced teacher going home from school. She wished Leah a very, very happy time; and she looked after us, well enough to accompany us. We walked up the hill, and then for nearly a mile down Beacon street, until we came to a large house on the right, some distinguished from its neighbors, somewhere between No. 200 and No. 300. We were promptly admitted, taken up a broad flight of stairs, across a wide landing, and into a study at the back of the house. Here, in a chamber of noble proportions, warm, luxurious, bright with flowers and books, with a view of unparalleled splendor, across the vivid waters of the Black Bay, which seemed to wash the walls of the house, the autocrat, professor and poet of the breakfast table, the wizard of society, the one survivor of the classic age of New England literature, was waiting to receive his little guest.

He was unmistakable, with the thoroughbred, acute, kind face, which all the world knows, and the fine white head poised like that of a robin redbreast when he looks around at you. Always small, he was now very diminutive; and even in the embarrassment of the moment of greeting, Leah could not help remembering the story which she had heard of Tithonus, who could not die, and who shrank and shriveled with extreme old age, until at last he was changed into the merry, chirping cricket. His face was fallen from its firm outlines, and was covered with a

LA GRIPPE.

During the prevalence of the Grippe the past seasons it was a noticeable fact that those who depended upon Dr. King's New Discovery, not only had a speedy recovery, but escaped all of the troublesome after effects of the malady. This remedy seems to have a peculiar power in effecting rapid cures not only in cases of La Grippe, but in all Diseases cured cases of Asthma and Hay Fever of long standing. Try it and be convinced. It won't disappoint. Free Trial Bottles at Ligon's Drug Store.

minute network of a thousand delicate lines and creases; but his eyes were bright and alert, he was only slightly deaf, and when necessary he moved quickly about the room with a hopping motion, as if stepping on his toes. He was the first man of over eighty whom Leah had ever seen.

He took Leah by the hand and led her to his arm chair on a rug before the glowing sea coal fire, where he held her affectionately between his knees. He told her how glad he was to see her, and how much pleasure the visits of his little friends gave him; he asked her school name, her age, the name of the school she attended, and many similar questions. At first Leah's little heart was in her throat; but she remembered that such an opportunity seldom repeated itself, and she answered bravely and clearly. He asked her what series of readers was used now in the Boston schools, and was pleased to find that it was still the excellent series edited by his old friend of the past, Mr. G. S. Hillard. He told her that about all of his old companions had left him; had lost one of the last of these within the past week, and had gone out fifty miles into the country to attend his funeral, only yesterday; it had been a wild and blustering afternoon, to be sure, but he felt none the worse for the exposure. He asked Leah if she had honored him by reading any of his poems; and she was able to answer that she knew some of them by heart, such as "Old Constitution," "The Chambered Nautilus," and "The Last Leaf." His face lighted up at the mention of "Nautilus," which, with its pretty allegory of immortality, was evidently a favorite with him. Had Leah ever seen a nautilus at the sea side? Did she know how it looked? Leah's notions upon this were of the vaguest. Well, he happened to have a nautilus in that very room—not a live one, to be sure—but there it was on the sideboard in the corner; and I passed him a splendid specimen of a golden-yellow nautilus, larger than a big football, and neatly sawed in two in the middle, so as to show the beautiful convolutions of its inner chambers. He had seated Leah upon a chair by his side, still holding one of her hands, and he now explained to her, in dainty words, how nautilus is a shell fish which crawls over the bottom of the sea—how it inhabits only the outer chamber of its shell, while others are filled with gas—how it was formerly supposed to possess a membrane which served as a sail and to go merrily sailing over the surface of the water—how the shell is often washed ashore when the little voyager is dead—and how this very specimen, longer years ago that he cared to remember, had suggested to him the allegory of the poem which has become so popular.

Dr. Holmes told us, in particular, a good deal about two of his famous passages of long ago. One of these was his "The Chambered Nautilus," which he had written at the other end of the same Beacon street, and who died in this year so fatal to historians, 1859, when Macaulay and Hallam and Washington Irving, and the French Michelet also passed away. The story of Prescott was one of those to rouse the blood of brave men like a trumpet call. For in ill health, almost blind, often able to read only one hour a day, and that in sections of five minutes each, he never faltered, but toiled right on until he had produced several grand books in addition to his magical accounts of the way in which the Spaniards conquered Peru. But the greatest friend of Prescott and of Holmes, was that lion among men, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Dr. Holmes gave us, in minute detail, the account of his famous last interview with Hawthorne two or three days before his death in 1864. He happened to meet him in the passages at the head of Tremont street the day before he set out with his life-long friend, Mr. Franklin Pierce, the ex-President of the United States, upon that Journey which was his last. He was distant, magnificent, Olympian, but to Dr. Holmes' practical eye, evidently ill and suffering. Dr. Holmes fastened himself upon Hawthorne and accompanied him upon his errands about the city, watchful for an opportunity to help him. He would not be shaken off but hovered about him, like a fly about a human head, now on this side of the giant and now on that. "It was always an adventure," said Dr. Holmes, with one of those smiles for which he is so famous, "whether one could succeed in inticing Hawthorne into anything like communicative intercourses. He went his way through life, like a whale through the crowds of lesser fishes in the sea; you might stand in your boat and hurl your harpoon at him as he passed—it was hit or miss; if you succeeded in bringing him to, he was general enough company for awhile, in his abstracted Olympian way; if you missed you would hardly have another chance for a year." On this occasion Hawthorne seemed greatly pestered at first, but could not long resist the Doctor's vivacious attacks. When they found themselves before Metcalf's drug shop on Copley Square, Dr. Holmes said: "You are not well; come here and let me give you a prescription," and the giant good naturedly obeyed. Holmes gave him quinine, and what else he could not remember. Hawthorne promised to take it, and "double-dosed," said the doctor, "chucked it out of the window as soon as he got home." They parted outside Metcalf's, and three days later the greatest American author was no more. Leah's eyes grew rounder than ever as she listened to Dr. Holmes' stories, and realized a little how isolated he must feel in this modern world of ours. She told me afterward that she was thinking of that most pathetic stanza in his own "Last Leaf," written sixteen years before:

The mossy marble rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the name he loved to bear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

Once, in the course of our interview, a footman out of livery, who was addressed by his master as "John," noiselessly entered the room, banked the abundant fire with fresh coals, and as silently vanished. At another time when the conversation grew a little abrupt, Leah slipped quietly from her chair, and began wandering curiously about the room, admiring the engravings on the walls, the sumptuous book shelves, and the oak look over the twilight waters of the Black Bay. Dr. Holmes followed the footsteps with tender eyes, and took the opportunity to ask me some questions about the little maiden. When at the end of about an hour, we rose to go he inquired whether Leah possessed a photograph of him. She did not! Why then that fault of circumstances was amended at once. He had a pile of fresh photographs taken within these few months, and she must accept one of them. This photograph was later than any that had yet been published, and although admirable, represented the familiar, dear old face all covered with network of minute wrinkles. He must also give Leah his autograph; and he had the patience to sit down and write his full name very clearly and handsomely, but in a hand that could no help trembling a little, at the bottom of the photograph. By this time Leah's delight had become so manifestly great that he sat musing for a minute with his hand resting upon her curls. "I think I must give you one of my books," he said; "how would you like 'The One-Hoss Shay'?" No objection was raised; and after a little searching he found a dainty volume, it stamped red covers, of the "One-Hoss Shay," largely printed, with numerous illustrations by Howard Pyle, whom Leah remembered and spoke gratefully of as the author of "Man of Iron," and many other charming children's tales. It was the last copy of this edition that Dr. Holmes possessed, and he wrote his name out in it once more with a pleasant inscription. As Leah said good-by he asked if she had not a kiss for him and she left the beautiful study over the blue water, with her head whirling, and a delighted sensation of having been on enchanted ground.

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